

SEPT.
1960
No. 2

HELP!

100

FOR TIRED MINDS

35¢

THE EEFM PARTY



The Right Hon. ERNIE KOVACS

VOTE



YOUR CANDIDATE

PEOPLE



HÓ

ELECT





What'll
we say
today
about the
U S.?


like to look
at pictures?



you need
HELP!

64 pages of pictures,
drawings and some text.





Hello, dear -
I'll be late - yes -
got to grade papers
again tonight...

HELP!

FOR TOLD MEN!

VOL. 1, NO. 2 SEPTEMBER 1960

editor HARVEY KURTZMAN
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AN OCCURRENCE at OWL CREEK BRIDGE BY AMBROSE BIERCE

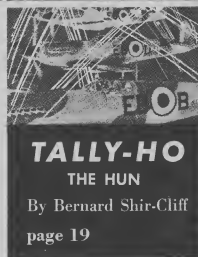
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TALLY-HO THE HUN

By Bernard Shir-Cliff

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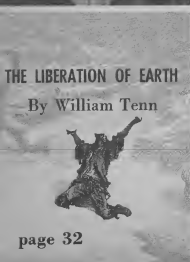
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THE LIBERATION OF EARTH

By William Tenn



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COVER STORY



Actor Kovacs

We tried to get some biographical material on Ernie Kovacs, but this shy and unpretentious man would only talk of another, more in need of publicity than he—P. Dovetonisils, Poet Laureate.

Of Percy Llewelyn Dovetonisils, Ernie tells us that he (Dovetonisils) began his career at an early age with difficulties encountered from dull cuticle scissors and an overly thick umbilical-cord. In this early effort, Mr. Dovetonisils employed the pulsation of the cuticle scissors (much as Vachel Lindsey less adequately used the beat of the tom-tom) in his Schwartz work, "The Congo." Some examples, poems of Mr. Dovetonisil's famous blues period, include "Ode to a Six by Sixteen Tire," "Ode to a Fig Blight on Adam's Leaf," "Ode to Sal Minco's Garage," "Love in Highstown, New Jersey," and "Ode to a D-C8 Eating Its Young."

Our very favorite Dovetonisils poem is "Ode to an Emotional Italian Knight who Once Wore the Suit of Medieval Armor (Now in the Metropolitan Museum of Art), While Engaged to One of Botticelli's Models."

*Even though you may have
grown to love it.
There must have been times
When you were aware
Of the inconvenience of it.*

* * *

From Hollywood, HELP!'s Help!mate, Gloria, reported on photographing Kovacs for the cover. It seems that after a hectic week of trying to pin him down for a photo-date, Gloria finally cornered Ernie on the 20th Century lot where he is currently filming an Alaskan saga, titled Go North.

Kovacs, in custom-built blazer with solid-gold dubloon buttons and in his custom-built limousine with pile carpeting and 2 telephones lines (in case one is busy) whisked away to the photographers where he posed for a frantic series of shots—Back into the limousine. When last seen he was tooling down the highway to do his ABC TV show, his head peeping from out the deep-pile carpeting, and a tangle of telephone lines.

In the envelope with the finished photographs, we found this note from Gloria: "Lissen, man, like next time let's do a funny photo of someone who's easier to find. Castro or Albert Schweitzer maybe."

Custom Built Dublooned Blazer



P. Dovetonisils



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Anybody
got a
match?



FICTION

AN
OCCURRENCE
★ at ★
OWL CREEK BRIDGE

BY
AMBROSE BIERCE

*A tale of the Civil War
and a great description of a moment
and an experience no mortal man
has ever lived to tell.*



A man stood upon a railroad bridge in northern Alabama, looking down into the swift water twenty feet below. The man's hands were behind his back, the wrists bound with a cord. A rope closely encircled his neck. It was attached to a stout cross-timber above his head and the slack fell to the level of his knees. Some loose boards laid upon the sleepers supporting the metals of the railway supplied a footing for him and his executioners—two private soldiers of the Federal army, directed by a sergeant who in civil life may have been a deputy sheriff. At a short remove upon the same temporary platform was an officer in the uniform of his rank, armed. He was a captain. A sentinel at each end of the bridge stood with his rifle in the position known as "support," that is to say, vertical in front of the left shoulder, the hammer resting on the forearm thrown straight across the chest—a formal and unnatural position, enforcing an erect carriage of the body. It did not appear to be the duty of these two men to know what was occurring at the centre of the bridge; they merely blockaded the two ends of the foot planking that traversed it.

Beyond one of the sentinels nobody was in sight; the railroad ran straight away into a forest for a hundred yards, then, curving, was lost to view. Doubtless there was an outpost farther along. The other bank of the stream was open ground—a gentle acclivity topped with a stockade of vertical tree trunks, loop-holed for rifles, with a single embrasure through which protruded the muzzle of a brass cannon commanding the bridge. Midway of the slope between bridge and fort were the spectators—a single company of infantry in line, at "parade rest," the butts of the rifles on the ground, the barrels inclining slightly backward against the right shoulder, the hands crossed upon the stock. A lieutenant stood at the right of the line, the point of his sword upon the ground, his left hand resting upon his right. Excepting the group of four at the centre of the bridge, not a man moved. The company faced the bridge, staring stonily, motionless. The sentinels, facing the banks of the stream, might have been statues to adorn the bridge. The captain stood with folded arms, silent, observing the work of his subordinates, but making no sign. Death is a dignitary who when he comes announced is to be received with formal manifestations of respect, even by those most familiar with him. In the code of military etiquette silence and fixity are forms of deference.

The man who was engaged in being hanged was apparently about thirty-five years of age. He was a civilian, if one might judge from his habit, which was that of a planter. His features were good—a straight nose, firm mouth, broad forehead, from which his long, dark hair was combed straight back, falling behind his ears, to the

collar of his well-fitting frock-coat. He wore a mustache and pointed beard, but no whiskers; his eyes were large and dark gray, and had a kindly expression which one would hardly have expected in one whose neck was in the hemp. Evidently this was no vulgar assassin. The liberal military code makes provision for hanging many kinds of persons, and gentlemen are not excluded.

The preparations being complete, the two private soldiers stepped aside and each drew away the plank upon which he had been standing. The sergeant turned to the captain, saluted and placed himself immediately behind that officer, who in turn moved apart one pace. These movements left the condemned man and the sergeant standing on the two ends of the same plank, which spanned three of the cross-ties of the bridge. The end upon which the civilian stood almost, but not quite, reached a fourth. This plank had been held in place by the weight of the captain; it was now held by that of the sergeant. At a signal from the former the latter would step aside, the plank would tilt and the condemned man go down between two ties. The arrangement commended itself to his judgment as simple and effective. His face had not been covered nor his eyes bandaged. He looked a moment at his "unsteadfast footing," then let his gaze wander to the swirling water of the stream racing madly beneath his feet. A piece of dancing driftwood caught his attention and his eyes followed it down the current. How slowly it appeared to move! What a sluggish stream!

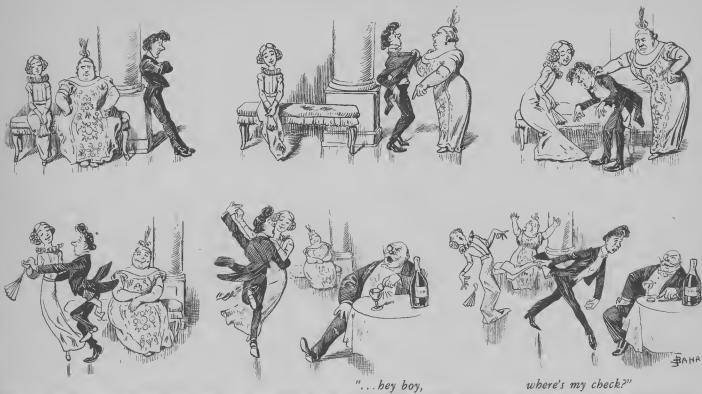
He closed his eyes in order to fix his last thoughts upon his wife and children. The water, touched to gold by the early sun, the brooding mists under the banks at some distance down the stream, the fort, the soldiers, the piece of drift—all had distracted him. And now he became conscious of a new disturbance. Striking through the thought of his dear ones was a sound which he could neither ignore nor understand, a sharp, distinct, metallic percussion like the stroke of a blacksmith's hammer upon the anvil; it had the same ringing quality. He wondered what it was, and whether immeasurably distant or near by—it seemed both. Its recurrence was regular, but as slow as the tolling of a death knell. He awaited each stroke with impatience and—he knew not why—apprehension. The intervals of silence grew progressively longer; the delays became maddening. With their greater infrequency the sounds increased in strength and sharpness. They hurt his ear like the thrust of a knife; he feared he would shriek. What he heard was the ticking of his watch.

He unclosed his eyes and saw again the water below him. "If I could free my hands," he thought, "I might throw off the noose and spring into the stream. By diving

continued on page 11



THE ENERGETIC BALL-MOTHER



Beiblatt der Fliegenden Blätter—1913 (Culver)





One of
these days I'll
miss the Scars-
dale express and
the agency
can go to
hell!

KENNETH MORE IN THE 39 STEP

OCCURRENCE AT OWL CREEK *cont'd from pg. 8*

I could evade the bullets and, swimming vigorously, reach the bank, take to the woods and get away home. My home, thank God, is as yet outside their lines; my wife and little ones are still beyond the invader's farthest advance."

As these thoughts, which have here to be set down in words, were flashed into the doomed man's brain rather than evolved from it the captain nodded to the sergeant. The sergeant stepped aside.

II

Peyton Farquhar was a well-to-do planter, of an old and highly respected Alabama family. Being a slave owner and like other slave owners a politician he was naturally an original secessionist and ardently devoted to the Southern cause. Circumstances of an imperious nature, which it is unnecessary to relate here, had prevented him from taking service with the gallant army that had fought the disastrous campaigns ending with the fall of Corinth, and he chafed under the inglorious restraint, longing for the release of his energies, the larger life of the soldier, the opportunity for distinction. That opportunity, he felt, would come, as it comes to all in war time. Meanwhile he did what he could. No service was too humble for him to perform in aid of the South, no adventure too perilous for him to undertake if consistent with the character of a civilian who was at heart a soldier, and who in good faith and without too much qualification assented to at least a part of the frankly villainous dictum that all is fair in love and war.

One evening while Farquhar and his wife were sitting on a rustic bench near the entrance to his grounds, a gray-clad soldier rode up to the gate and asked for a drink of water. Mrs. Farquhar was only too happy to serve him with her own white hands. While she was fetching the water her husband approached the dusty horseman and inquired eagerly for news from the front.

"The Yanks are repairing the railroads," said the man, "and are getting ready for another advance. They have reached the Owl Creek bridge, put it in order and built a stockade on the north bank. The commandant has issued an order, which is posted everywhere, declaring that any civilian caught interfering with the railroad, its bridges, tunnels or trains will be summarily hanged. I saw the order."

"How far is it to the Owl Creek bridge?" Farquhar asked.

"About thirty miles."

"Is there no force on this side of the creek?"

"Only a picket post half a mile out, on the railroad, and a single sentinel at this end of the bridge."

"Suppose a man—a civilian and student of hanging—should elude the picket post and perhaps get the better of the sentinel," said Farquhar, smiling, "what could he accomplish?"

The soldier reflected. "I was there a month ago," he replied. "I observed that the flood of last winter had lodged a great quantity of driftwood against the wooden pier at this end of the bridge. It is now dry and would burn like tow."

The lady had now brought the water, which the soldier drank. He thanked her ceremoniously, bowed to her husband and rode away. An hour later, after nightfall, he repassed the plantation, going northward in the direction from which he had come. He was a Federal scout.

III

As Peyton Farquhar fell straight downward through the bridge he lost consciousness and was as one dead.



From this state he was awakened—ages later, it seemed to him—by the pain of a sharp pressure upon his throat, followed by a sense of suffocation. Keen, poignant agonies seemed to shoot from his neck downward through every fibre of his body and limbs. These pains appeared to flash along well-defined lines of ramification and to beat with an inconceivably rapid periodicity. They seemed like streams of pulsating fire heating him to an intolerable temperature. As to his head, he was conscious of nothing but a feeling of fullness—of congestion. These sensations were unaccompanied by thought. The intellectual part

of his nature was already effaced; he had power only to feel, and feeling was torment. He was conscious of motion. Encompassed in a luminous cloud, of which he was now merely the fiery heart, without material substance, he swung through unthinkable arcs of oscillation, like a vast pendulum. Then all at once, with terrible suddenness, the light about him shot upward with the noise of a loud plash; a frightful roaring was in his ears, and all was cold and dark. The power of thought was restored; he knew that the rope had broken and he had fallen into the stream. There was no additional strangulation; the noose about his neck was already suffocating him and kept the water from his lungs. To die of hanging at the bottom of a river!—the idea seemed to him ludicrous. He opened his eyes in the darkness and saw above him a gleam of light, but how distant, how inaccessible! He was still sinking, for the light became fainter and fainter until it was a mere glimmer. Then it began to grow and brighten, and he knew that he was rising toward the surface—knew it with reluctance, for he was now very comfortable. "To be hanged and drowned," he thought, "that is not so bad; but I do not wish to be shot. No; I will not be shot; that is not fair."

He was not conscious of an effort, but a sharp pain in his wrist apprised him that he was trying to free his hands. He gave the struggle his attention, as an idler might observe the feat of a juggler, without interest in the outcome. What splendid effort! — what magnificent, what super-human strength! Ah, that was a fine endeavor! Bravo! The cord fell away; his arms parted and floated upward, the hands dimly seen on each side in the growing light. He watched them with a new interest as first one and then the other pounced upon the noose at his neck. They tore it away and thrust it fiercely aside, its undulations resembling those of a water-snake. "Put it back, put it back!" He thought he shouted these words to his hands, for the undoing of the noose had been succeeded by the direst pang that he had yet experienced. His neck ached horribly; his brain was on fire; his heart, which had been fluttering faintly, gave a great leap, trying to force itself out at his mouth. His whole body was racked and wrenched with an insupportable anguish! But his disobedient hands gave no heed to the command. They beat the water vigorously with quick, downward strokes, forcing him to the surface. He felt his head emerge; his eyes were blinded by the sunlight; his chest expanded convulsively, and with a supreme and crowning agony his lungs engulfed a great draught of air, which instantly he expelled in a shriek!

He was now in full possession of his physical senses. They were, indeed, preternaturally keen and alert. Something in the awful disturbance of his organic system had so exalted and refined them that they made record of

things never before perceived. He felt the ripples upon his face and heard their separate sounds as they struck. He looked at the forest on the bank of the stream, saw the individual trees, the leaves and the veining of each leaf—saw the very insects upon them: the locusts, the brilliant-bodied flies, the gray spiders stretching their webs from twig to twig. He noted the prismatic colors in all the dew-drops upon a million blades of grass. The humming of the gnats that danced above the eddies of the stream, the beating of the dragon-flies' wings, the strokes of the water-spiders' legs, like oars which had lifted their boat—all these made audible music. A fish slid along beneath his eyes and he heard the rush of its body parting the water.

He had come to the surface facing down the stream; in a moment the visible world seemed to wheel slowly round, himself the pivotal point, and he saw the bridge, the fort, the soldiers upon the bridge, the captain, the sergeant, the two privates, his executioners. They were in silhouette against the blue sky. They shouted and gesticulated, pointing at him. The captain had drawn his pistol, but did not fire; the others were unarmed. Their movements were grotesque and horrible, their forms gigantic:

Suddenly he heard a sharp report and something struck the water smartly within a few inches of his head, spattering his face with spray. He heard a second report, and saw one of the sentinels with his rifle at his shoulder, a light cloud of blue smoke rising from the muzzle. The man in the water saw the eye of the man on the bridge gazing into his own through the sights of the rifle. He

U.P.

You can have one from
Column A, or two from Column
B, or two from Column
A and ...

observed that it was a gray eye and remembered having read that gray eyes were keenest, and that all famous marksmen had them. Nevertheless, this one had missed.

A counter-swirl had caught Farquhar and turned him half round; he was again looking into the forest on the bank opposite the fort. The sound of a clear, high voice in a monotonous sing-song now rang out behind him and came across the water with a distinctness that pierced and subdued all other sounds, even the beating of the ripples of his ears. Although no soldier, he had frequented camps enough to know the dread significance of that deliberate, drawling, aspirated chant; the lieutenant on shore was taking a part in the morning's work. How coldly and pitilessly—with what an even, calm intonation, presaging, and enforcing tranquillity in the men—with what accurately measured intervals fell those cruel words:

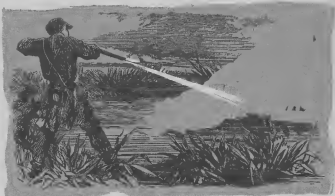
"Attention, company! . . . Shoulder arms! . . . Ready! . . . Aim! . . . Fire!"

Farquhar dived—dived as deeply as he could. The water roared in his ears like the voice of Niagara, yet he heard the dulled thunder of the volley and, rising again toward the surface, met shining bits of metal, singularly flattened, oscillating slowly downward. Some of them touched him on the face and hands, then fell away, continuing their descent. One lodged between his collar and neck; it was uncomfortably warm and he snatched it out.

As he rose to the surface, gasping for breath, he saw that he had been a long time under water; he was perceptibly farther down stream—nearer to safety. The sol-

diers had almost finished reloading; the metal ramrods flashed all at once in the sunshine as they were drawn from the barrels, turned in the air, and thrust into their sockets. The two sentinels fired again, independently and ineffectually.

The hunted man saw all this over his shoulder; he was now swimming vigorously with the current. His brain was as energetic as his arms and legs; he thought with the rapidity of lightning.



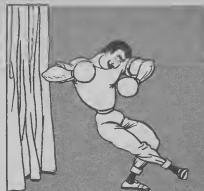
"The officer," he reasoned, "will not make that martinet's error a second time. It is as easy to dodge a volley as a single shot. He has probably already given the command to fire at will. God help me, I cannot dodge them all!"

An appalling plash within two yards of him was fol-
continued on page 16



Away
tending herd
five months on
end – you plumb
fergit how
purty a gal
can look...

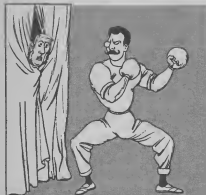




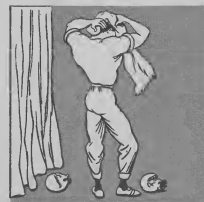
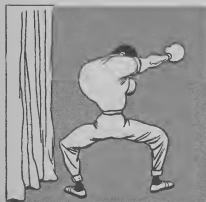
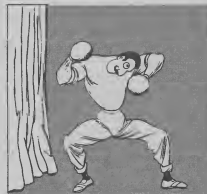
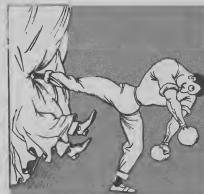
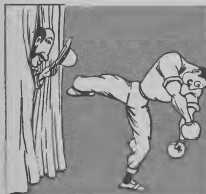
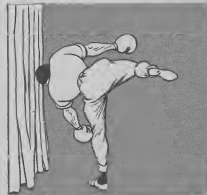
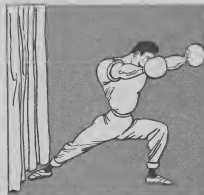
(A Knock) "Come in!"



"Excuse me Baron, but your tailor has come about his bill."



"Sapristi! As you see . . . I am busy.
—But tell him to come in."



"By the way . . . what happened to
my tailor?"



"He said he would come back when
Monsieur le Baron was not so busy"

OCCURRENCE AT OWL CREEK *cont'd from pg. 13*

lowed by a loud, rushing sound, *diminuendo*, which seemed to travel back through the air to the fort and



died in an explosion which stirred the very river to its depths! A rising sheet of water curved over him, fell down upon him, blinded him, strangled him! The cannon had taken a hand in the game. As he shook his head free from the commotion of the smitten water he heard the deflected shot humming through the air ahead, and in an instant it was cracking and smashing the branches in the forest beyond.

"They will not do that again," he thought; "the next time they will use a charge of grape. I must keep my eye upon the gun; the smoke will apprise me—the report arrives too late; it lags behind the missile. That is a good gun."

Suddenly he felt himself whirled round and round—spinning like a top. The water, the banks, the forests, the now distant bridge, fort and men—all were commingled and blurred. Objects were represented by their colors only; circular horizontal streaks of color—that was all he saw. He had been caught in a vortex and was being whirled on with a velocity of advance and gyration that made him giddy and sick. In a few moments he was flung upon the gravel at the foot of the left bank of the stream—the southern bank—and behind a projecting point which concealed him from his enemies. The sudden arrest of his motion, the abrasion of one of his hands on the gravel, restored him, and he wept with delight. He dug his fingers into the sand, threw it over himself in handfuls and audibly blessed it. It looked like diamonds, rubies, emeralds; he could think of nothing beautiful which it did not resemble. The trees upon the bank were giant garden plants; he noted a definite order in their arrangement, inhaled the fragrance of their blooms. A strange, roseate light shone through the spaces among their trunks and the wind made in their branches the music of aeolian harps. He had no wish to perfect his escape—was content to remain in that enchanting spot until retaken.

A whiz and rattle of grapeshot among the branches high above his head roused him from his dream. The baffled cannoneer had fired him a random farewell. He sprang to his feet, rushed up the sloping bank, and plunged into the forest.

All that day he traveled, laying his course by the



rounding sun. The forest seemed interminable; nowhere did he discover a break in it, not even a woodman's road. He had not known that he lived in so wild a region. There was something uncanny in the revelation.

By nightfall he was fatigued, footsore, famishing. The thought of his wife and children urged him on. At last he found a road which led him in what he knew to be the right direction. It was as wide and straight as a city street, yet it seemed untraveled. No fields bordered it, no dwelling anywhere. Not so much as the barking of a dog suggested human habitation. The black bodies of the trees formed a straight wall on both sides, terminating on the horizon in a point, like a diagram in a lesson in perspective. Overhead, as he looked up through this rift in the wood, shone great golden stars looking unfamiliar and grouped in strange constellations. He was sure they were arranged in some order which had a secret and malign significance. The wood on either side was full of singular noises, among which—once, twice, and again—he distinctly heard whispers in an unknown tongue.

His neck was in pain and lifting his hand to it he found it horribly swollen. He knew that it had a circle of black where the rope had bruised it. His eyes felt congested; he could no longer close them. His tongue was swollen with thirst; he relieved its fever by thrusting it forward from between his teeth into the cold air. How softly the turf had carpeted the untraveled avenue—he could no longer feel the roadway beneath his feet!

Doubtless, despite his suffering, he had fallen asleep while walking, for now he sees another scene—perhaps he

has merely recovered from a delirium. He stands at the gate of his own home. All is as he left it, and all bright and beautiful in the morning sunshine. He must have traveled the entire night. As he pushes open the gate and passes up the wide white walk, he sees a flutter of female garments; his wife, looking fresh and cool and sweet, steps down from the veranda to meet him. At the bottom of the steps she stands waiting, with a smile of ineffable joy, an attitude of matchless grace and dignity. Ah, how beautiful she is! He springs forward with extended arms. As he is about to clasp her he feels a stunning blow upon the back; a blinding white light blazes all about him with a sound like the shock of a cannon—then all is darkness and silence!



Peyton Farquhar was dead; his body, with a broken neck, swung gently from side to side beneath the timbers of the Owl Creek bridge. **END**



No, dear — by “dirty”
I don’t just mean your boy-
friend needs a bath . . .





BEAUTY TIPS—A posture chart for the lady who would drive gracefully.

**DRIVING
THE CAR**

3 positions



**REPAIRING
THE CAR**

3 positions



**ENTERING
THE CAR**

4 positions



**PARKING
AND BACKING
THE CAR**

3 positions



Smash-
ing
good
show.

TALLY-HO THE HUN!

A WAR STORY — BY BERNARD SHIRCLIFF

*Scramble! Here they come, lean-jawed, steel-nerved,
ham-fisted...the fighter pilots of World War II*

continues

continued—

The shooting may be over but they're still riding their machines mercilessly, hosing the enemy with clichés ("the bastards!") as they fight the war again in books. It's kill, or be killed in every flaming paragraph, and you can't tell the Germans from the Americans from the Japs.

Except for the British. The British know how to underplay a story. For example, a British ace sits down to describe a slashing air battle where .50 calibre machine guns are spitting death and planes are ripping into each other at 450 miles per hour . . . and it comes out like this:

CHAPTER XIV: Tally Ho, The Hun!

In September, Squadron 717 was assigned to London Air Defense and we went on ops immediately. Wing Commander Chudleigh-Barstow came by in the morning and we toolled down to Hyde Park in the pram.

"Smashing good show," he murmured. "Three or four hundred Jerries and we get first whacks. Just the two of us."

We were both frightfully keen.

An hour later I was sitting in the cockpit of one of the new Humbley "Snipes." We were, of course, right in the center of the park but Air Ministry had set up wickets to keep off strollers and we anticipated no trouble. It was a glorious morning, fog right down to the ground. On my right, Chudleigh-Barstow gave the V-sign and we swept off between the trees.

I kept my eyes on the air-speed dial . . . 60 m.p.h. . . . 100 . . . 140 . . . Branches whipped by the window, a woman's white up-turned face, bits of debris. The machine shuddered slightly and I was aloft.

At 20,000 feet I broke out of the clouds and looked around for the rest of 717 Squadron. Commander Chudleigh-Barstow was nowhere in sight. I was alone. I toggled the wireless.

"Hallo, hallo . . . Chudleigh-Barstow, I'm at 20,000. Where are you?"

A gaggle of Jerries slid past overhead.

The wireless hummed, and then the wing commander's voice came on, very faint.

"This is Wing Commander Chudleigh-Barstow, speaking to you from Picadilly Circus. There has been a slight mishap on the takeoff and I am returning to Hyde Park by taxi. Roger wilco, what?"

"Oh quite, sir. Roger wilco all the way."

"Good lad!" He chuckled and I could almost see his blue eyes crinkling in the famous Chudleigh-Barstow grin. "I say, Denis?"

"Sir?"

"Knees up, Mother Brown, eh?"

"Absolutely." A Schimmelfarb 107 drifted into the sights. I pressed the tit and it disintegrated.

"What?"

"Nothing, sir," I said. "A Jerry, but I got him."

"Good show. England expects every man. Mentioned in dispatches."

"Thank you, sir." I heard a kind of crash and my attention was drawn to a half-dozen holes that had suddenly appeared in my canopy. I racked around in a tight Immelman and came up on the tail of two Jerries. It seemed odd that only this morning I had been lying in the sun-drenched fields of Cornwall with Gwendolyn, picking strawberries. I blipped the tit. Nothing happened. What a strange girl Gwendolyn was, so calm outwardly yet inwardly a seething cauldron of passion. My guns must have jammed, I thought.

"Tell me, Denis," she said, sucking a sweet, "this is goodbye, isn't it?"

"Mmm. Make a difference?"

"Paps."

"How?"

"Oh . . ."

There was nothing more to say.

Oil was spurting in through the shattered canopy. I was going down fast. I decided to put Chudleigh-Barstow in the picture.

"Chudleigh-Barstow, this is Denis. Guns jammed, engine smashed, Jerries all around. Going down like a stone."

The wireless buzzed and crackled, then wing commander's voice came on, warm and friendly.

"Sorry, old boy, would you give me that again?"

"It's Denis, sir. I'm afraid I'll have to scrub it. Engine's gone, guns wonky . . ."

"I say, filthy luck. And just when you were going so well. . . . Another of the same, miss. Light on the fizzy."

I plummeted through a formation of Heinkel He 51s and whipped into the clouds. The air-speed hung at 500 m.p.h. and the wings vibrated like mad things. When I was down to 2,000 feet the wireless sputtered again.

"What's the form, Denis?"

"Going to prang, sir."

"Filthy luck."

"Quite."

Suddenly I saw a glimpse of trees. I hauled back on the stick and there was a blinding flash. . . .

An R.A.F. rating was tugging me out of the wreckage.

"Cor blimey, sir, do you always land it like that?"

That night Wing Commander Chudleigh-Barstow stood drinks in mess. Casting decorum to the winds, he rose unsteadily to give the toast.

"Chiz."

"Chiz."

We were both a bit tiddy, and played at draughts until well after nine.

END



I know that
to you he'll always
be your little boy —
but *you* have your life
and *we* have ours . . .

The little punks! They got Gol-iath!

J. D. strikes our commu-ni-ty again.

Jeest! Right between the eyes. Lookit the way that pebble sank into his forehead. Ghastly!

Sling-shot job. A home made weapon. Deadly hell at fifty yards. Goliath never had a chance.

I tell ya, the country isn't safe for grown-ups anymore.

... Unintegrated minority groups... basic hostility to authority; police, parents, *any* authority. Goliath was probably just a Father Figure...

It's the parents fault, all right. Not enough love in the home. Letting them listen to all this crime stuff like The Iliad and The Book of Joshua.

It's bigger than that. This David was a well-brought kid. Middle class. Played the harp. Even had a job... a shepherd.

It's the courts. They never crack down hard enough. I say treat 'em rough. Teach 'em a lesson. Then these things wouldn't happen.

We're all responsible. Society. All of us.



J.D.: A MENACE SINCE ANCIENT TIMES

Those of us who consider Juvenile Delinquency a modern social problem might well ponder this historic scene, freely translated from the Book of Samuel.

Everything
on board?
Paddles? Food?
Water? —



— Safety Pins?
Talcum Powder?



1 If a man ever touched you
you'd *kill* yourself?

Don't give *me*
that old "inno-
cent" act
bunk,
kid —



2

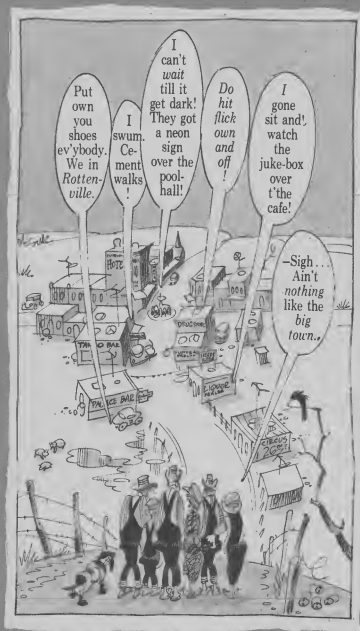


MORALS SQUAD STARRING BOB O'CONNELL, BEVERLY BENNET

The following picture-story
is in 3-D...D-cay, D-terioration and D-generacy.

It is a very innteresting
story poymently tol by *the* method.

Continued



DECADENCE DEGENERATED

THIS will not be a pleasant story or a story for weak stomachs. It will be a story about a lynch-mob. "Why then," you ask, "are you telling it?" And we answer—for this reason... the reason so many lynch-mob stories are told and have to be told today.

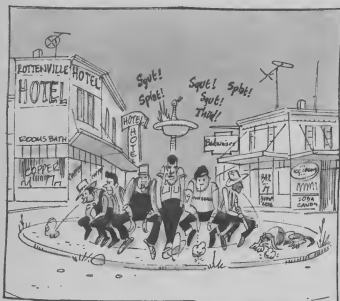
And this is the reason.

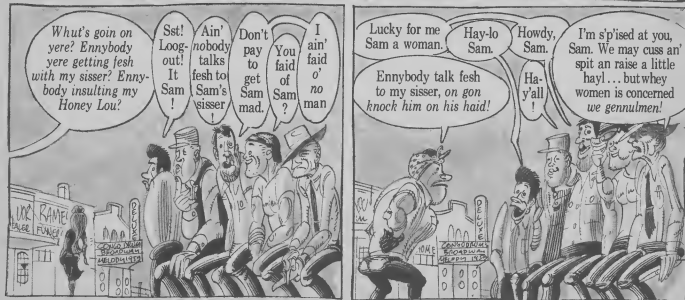
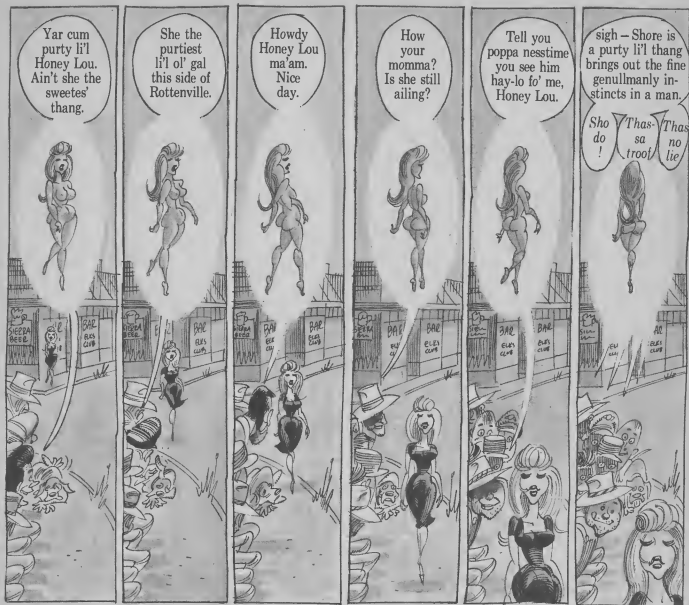
Lynch-mob stories are very entertaining. There's nothing like a lynch-mob story... next to the real thing.

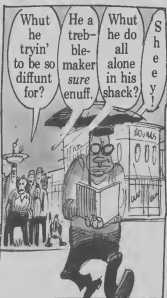
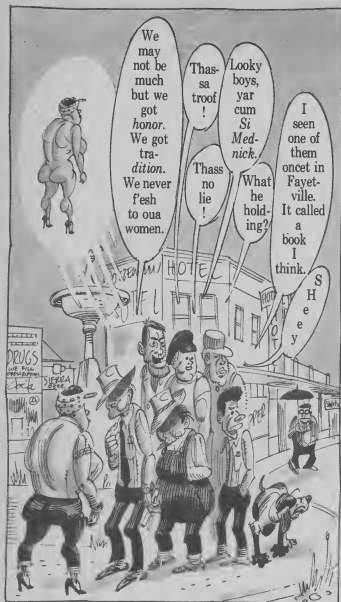
Our story takes place in a country town

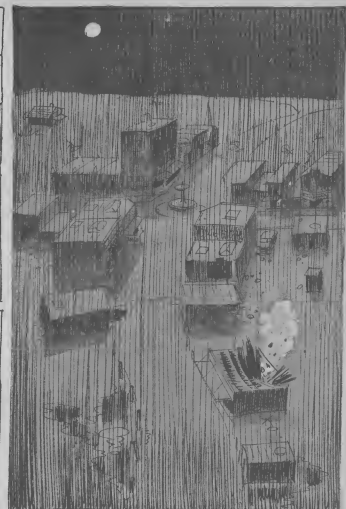
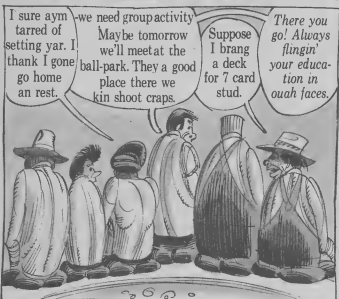
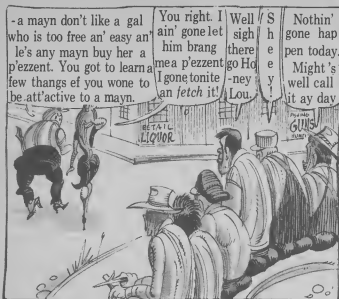
of a very degenerate type—where there's a treeless square with a waterless fountain towards the center of Main Street... or is it in the main part of Center street... where a handful of degenerates are always standing on the corner, watching all the girls go by.

That's the way it was in Rottenville one Saturday afternoon, when Rottenville's citizens reached depths of degeneration never before degenerated to as you shall see on the following degenerate pages...









And so, night falls on Rottenville. The blast of the juke box and the clatter of the pin-ball machine are stilled. One by one, the lights blink out except for the bulb over the bus-stop. A steam engine wails far away in the dark. A dog barks. A roof quietly caves in... Rottenville sleeps. Hot, degenerate night shrouds the town... the countryside... and murder.



continued on page 39

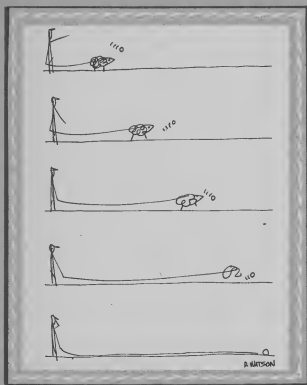
A black and white photograph showing several men on the deck of a ship, pulling a thick rope. The men are wearing work clothes and caps. In the background, there are large, dark, rounded objects, possibly buoys or floats, and the ship's rigging is visible. A speech bubble is overlaid on the image, containing the text "You and your new fly spinner." The overall scene suggests a maritime or industrial setting.

You
and your
new fly
spinner.

HELP'S PUBLIC GALLERY

We welcome contributions to this feature. **HELP** will pay a munificent \$5.00 for every snide cartoon used. Mail submissions to

HELP! 545 5th Avenue, New York City. Enclose stamped self-addressed envelope to insure return of rejections.

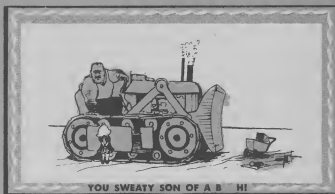


Yale Record

Stanford Chaparral

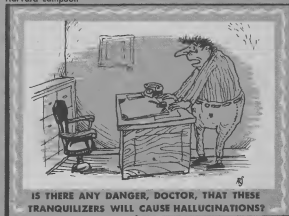


Harvard Lampoon

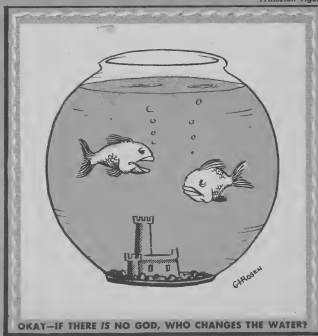


Princeton Tiger

Harvard Lampoon



Princeton Tiger



This, then is the story
of our liberation, suck air and
grab clusters. Heigh-ho, here
is the tale.

THE LIBERATION OF EARTH

by
WILLIAM TENN

August was the month, a
Tuesday in August. These
words are meaningless
now, so far have we
progressed; but many things
known and discussed by
our primitive ancestors,
our unliberated, unreconstructed
forefathers, are devoid
of sense to our free minds.
Still the tale must be told,
with all of its incredible place-
names and vanished points
of reference. Why must it
be told? Have any of you a
better thing to do? We have
had water and weeds and lie
in a valley of gusts. So
rest, relax and listen.
And suck air, suck air. On a
Tuesday in August, the
ship appeared in the
sky over France in
a part of the
world then known
as Europe.
Five miles long
the ship was,

Five miles long
the ship was,
and word has
come down
to us that it
looked like
an enormous
silver
cigar.

Continued



The tale goes on to tell of the panic and consternation among our forefathers when the ship abruptly materialized in the summer-blue sky. How they ran, how they shouted, how they pointed!

How they excitedly notified the United Nations, one of their chiefest institutions, that a strange metal craft of incredible size had materialized over their land. How they sent an order *here* to cause military aircraft to surround it with loaded weapons, gave instructions *there* for hastily grouped scientists, with signaling apparatus, to approach it with friendly gestures. How, under the great ship, men took pictures of it; men with typewriters wrote stories about it; and men with concessions sold models of it.

All these things did our ancestors do.

Then a tremendous slab snapped up in the middle of the ship and the first of the aliens stepped out in the complex tripodal gait that all humans were shortly to know and love so well. He wore a metallic garment to protect him from the effects of our atmospheric peculiarities, a garment of the opaque, loosely folded type that these, the first of our liberators, wore throughout their stay on Earth.

Speaking in a language none could understand, but booming deafeningly through a huge mouth about halfway up his twenty-five feet of height, the alien discoursed for exactly one hour, waited politely for a response when he had finished, and, receiving none, retired into the ship.

That night, the first of our liberation! Or the first of our first liberation, should I say? *That night*, anyhow! Visualize our ancestors scurrying about their primitive intricacies: playing ice-hockey, televising, smashing atoms, red-baiting, conducting giveaway shows and signing affidavits—all the incredible minutiae that made the olden times such a frightful mass of cumulative detail in which to live—as compared with the breathless and majestic simplicity of the present.

The big question, of course, was—what had the alien said? Had he called on the human race to surrender? Had he announced that he was on a mission of peaceful trade and, having made what he considered a reasonable offer—for, let us say, the north polar ice-cap—politely withdrawn so that we could discuss his terms among ourselves in relative privacy? Or, possibly, had he merely announced that he was the newly appointed ambassador to Earth from a friendly and intelligent race—and would we please direct him to the proper authority so that he might submit his credentials?

Not to know was quite maddening.

Since decision rested with the diplomats, it was the last possibility which was held, very late that night, to be most likely; and early the next morning, accordingly, a delegation from the United Nations waited under the belly of the motionless star-ship.

When the alien came forth a few hours later, the delegation stepped up to him, bowed, and, in the three official languages of the United Nations—English, French and Russian—asked him to consider this planet his home. He listened to them gravely, and then launched into his talk of the day before—which was evidently as highly charged with significance to him as it was completely incomprehensible to the representatives of world government.

Fortunately, a cultivated young Indian member of the secretariat detected a suspicious similarity between the speech of the alien and an obscure Bengali dialect whose anomalies he had once puzzled over. The reason, as we all know now, was that the last time Earth had been visited by aliens of this particular type, humanity's most advanced civilization lay in a moist valley in Bengal; extensive dictionaries of that language had been written, so that speech with the natives of Earth would present no problem to any subsequent exploring party.

However, I move ahead of my tale, as one who would munch on the succulent roots before the dryer stem. Let me rest and suck air for a moment. Heigh-ho, truly those were tremendous experiences for our kind.

You, sir, now you sit back and listen. You are not yet of an age to Tell the Tale. I remember, *well enough do I remember* how my father told it, and his father before him. You will wait your turn as I did; you will listen until too much high land between water holes blocks me off from life.

Then *you* may take your place in the juiciest weed patch and, reclining gracefully between sprints, recite the great epic of our liberation to the carelessly young.

Pursuant to the young Hindu's suggestions, the one professor of comparative linguistics in the world capable of understanding and conversing in this peculiar version of the dead dialect was summoned from an academic convention in New York where he was reading a paper he had been working on for eighteen years: *An Initial Study of Apparent Relationships Between Several Past Participles in Ancient Sanscrit and an Equal Number of Noun Substantives in Modern Szechuanese*.

Yes, verily, all these things—and more, many more—did our ancestors in their besotted ignorance contrive to do. May we not count our freedoms indeed?

The disgruntled scholar, minus—as he kept insisting bitterly—some of his most essential word lists, was flown by fastest jet to the area south of Nancy which, in those long-ago days, lay in the enormous black shadow of the alien space-ship.

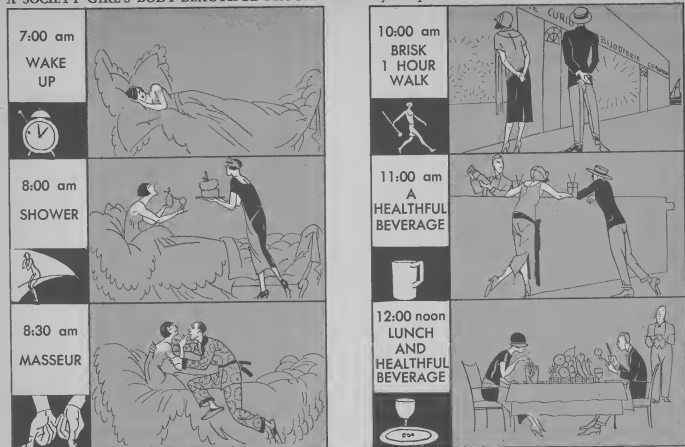
Here he was acquainted with his task by the United Nations delegation, whose nervousness had not been allayed by a new and disconcerting development. Several more aliens had emerged from the ship carrying great quantities of immense, shimmering metal which they proceeded to assemble into something that was obviously a machine—though it was taller than any skyscraper man had ever built, and seemed to make noises to itself like a talkative and sentient creature. The first alien still stood courteously in the neighborhood of the profusely perspiring diplomats; ever and anon he would go through his little speech again, in a language that had been almost forgotten when the cornerstone of the library of Alexandria was laid. The men from the U.N. would reply, each one hoping desperately to make up for the alien's lack of familiarity with his own tongue by such devices as hand-gestures and facial expressions. Much later, a commission of anthropologists and psychologists brilliantly pointed out the difficulties of such physical, gestural communication with creatures possessing—as these aliens

continued on page 51



*This year
we clean
the pool!*

A SOCIETY GIRL'S BODY-BEAUTIFUL PROGRAM — theory and practice



BY PERMISSION FRP INC. La Vie Parisienne—1924 (Culver)

— But doctor
— aren't you supposed
to be sitting over there
with your pad?



Who
was it
you say I
remind
you
of?

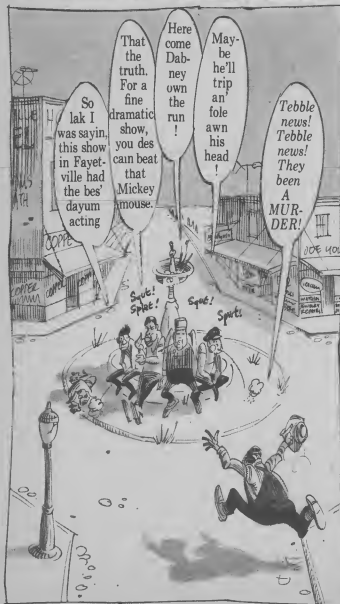


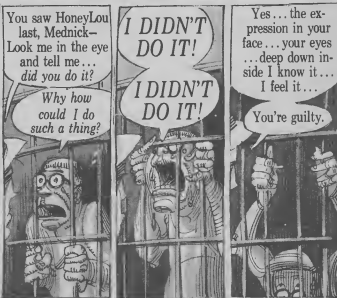
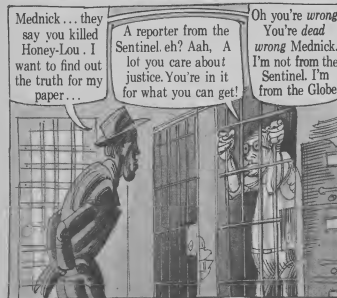
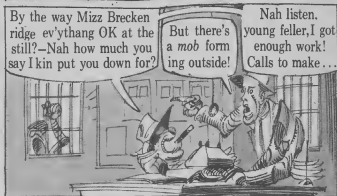
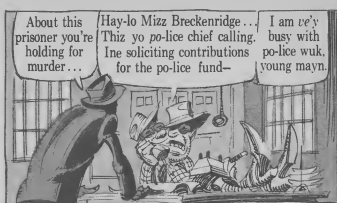
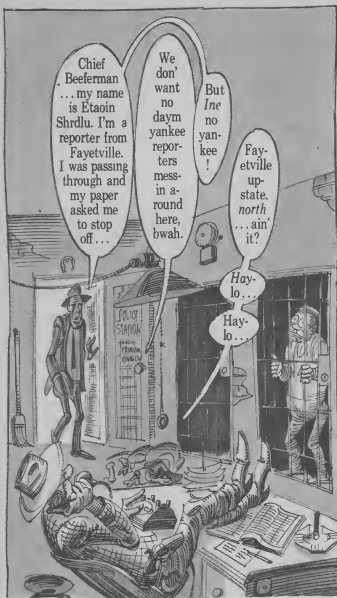
U.P.

I've
been
drafted!









Chief Beeferman! I've got to get the whole story of what happened here. Not conjecture but **FACTS!** And you know why I've got to get the whole story. In your innermost conscience, you know why...
Yes you do...



Yeah Yeah! In the int'ests of law an' order an' jussiss an' lak that.



Why no... If I don't get the story, I'll get **fired!** My paper doesn't employ me for **hand-outs**, you know.

Now we've got to work fast before that mob outside gets out of hand. I'll go and round up some facts if you'll get on the phone and call in your deputies.



Ve'y well... I'll call up deputies Twiggs, Pike, and Ker shaw-

Hay-lo Twiggs. Thiz Chief Beeferman calling.



Hey chief! Brang out the prisoner!

Ine sollicit-ing contributions for the po-lice fund.

Nah, folks, less's simmer daown. This town is run by due process of law and trial by jury a mayn is innocent till p'ooven guilty and ev'y citizen has the right of habeas corpus...



WHOT THE HAYUL HE TALK- IN ABAHT ?



WHUT LAN- GUAGE HE TALK- IN?

GIT THAT FOOL OUTTA HERE!

WHUT A CLOWN !

I say-less get that murderin' polecat an' kill 'im!



HE QUEER!

WEE HA!

THASS PLAIN TALK!

SHEEY!



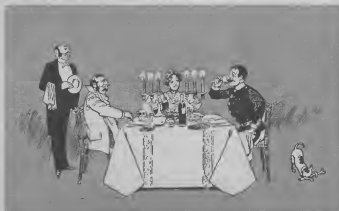
continued on page 53


TWELVE HOURS TO KILL STARRING NICO MINARDOS, BARBARA EDEN, GRANT RICHARDS

An Evening
with Noel Coward
does *not* mean
in his *room*!



Night Marcher





You get
water only
when you confess,
Englishman.

Who
wants
water!

THE STRANGERS OF BOMBAY STARRING GUY ROLFE

And this
was George . . .
my last
gigolo.



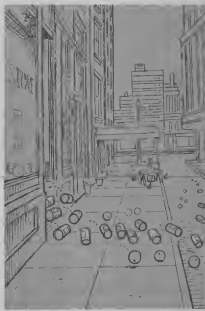
BEAUTY IS TRUTH?



Oh what, we ask, is beauty?
(Of beauty we're all fond)
At one time or another—
you've glimpsed a fleeting blonde . . .



—A slash of lip; a flash of hair;
some white thing tightened on—
You would see more, and yet before
You've had enough, she's gone.



The gorgeous women come and go.
And yet to make come true
the wishes wild, of mind, beguiled—
You almost never do.



*But point's not won so we go on
with blonde and rondelet,
And sure enough — outside the store,
she stands, then walks your way!*



*The thrill of love's, a chill that's warm,
a trembling through and through.
Oh heart be still! You have no will.
She looking right at you!*



*With fix-ed eye and course, she moves;
direct, erect and young,
advancing with a swinging gait
... a trifle over-swung.*

continued



*Less interlude—things truer viewed.
You swiftly take her in;
'neath lowered lid, observe the legs
...uncomfortably thin.*



*You both converge. Details emerge
from make-up's subterfuge.
You lift your gaze to tilted nose
...uncomfortably huge.*



*This poorly perfumed country now
first-handed, you explore,
find wrinkles in abundance
and blemishes galore.*



— Well
the next
time they
call you
sissy,
you just
hit 'em
with your
purse.



*These ill facts are but knowledge
and knowledge is but truth.
She ope's her mouth to ask the time —
Yes... spaces twixt each tooth.*



*And through the spaces, breathing stale —
Red mouth! Blonde hair! Ob each
Are faded, faded as you leave
her fading voice (a screech).*

*So what, we say, is beauty
depends on what's in sight.
And who's a dear at fifty feet —
close-up may be a fright.*

*

P.S.

*If you would love the ladies,
listen carefully to me
Don't put them in a microscope.
Don't strip their mystery.*

*

*True... by detailed observation,
understanding oft' is won.
Yet ignorance breeds mystery
And a hell dam — sight more fun!
— H.K.*





Was it
a Roosevelt
dime or
what?

U.P.

LIBERATION OF EARTH *continued from pg. 34*

did—five manual appendages and a single, unwinking compound eye of the type the insects rejoice in.

The problems and agonies of the professor as he was trundled about the world in the wake of the aliens, trying to amass a usable vocabulary in a language whose peculiarities he could only extrapolate from the limited samples supplied him by one who must inevitably speak it with the most outlandish of foreign accents—these vexations were minor indeed compared to the disquiet felt by the representatives of world government. They beheld the extra-terrestrial visitors move every day to a new site on their planet and proceed to assemble there a titanic structure of flickering metal which muttered nostalgically to itself, as if to keep alive the memory of those faraway factories which had given it birth.

True, there was always the alien who would pause in his evidently supervisory labors to release the set little speech; but not even the excellent manners he displayed, in listening to upward of fifty-six replies in as many languages, helped dispel the panic caused whenever a human scientist, investigating the shimmering machines, touched a projecting edge and promptly shrank into a disappearing pinpoint. This, while not a frequent occurrence, happened often enough to cause chronic indigestion and insomnia among human administrators.

Finally, having used up most of his nervous system as fuel, the professor collated enough of the language to make conversation possible. He—and, through him, the world—was thereupon told the following:

The aliens were members of a highly advanced civilization which had spread its culture throughout the entire galaxy. Cognizant of the limitations of the as-yet-underdeveloped animals who had latterly become dominant upon Earth, they had placed us in a sort of benevolent ostracism. Until either we or our institutions had evolved to a level permitting, say, at least *associate* membership in the galactic federation (under the sponsoring tutelage, for the first few millennia, of one of the older, more widespread and more important species in that federation)—until that time, all invasions of our privacy and ignorance—except for a few scientific expeditions conducted under conditions of great secrecy—had been strictly forbidden by universal agreement.

Several individuals who had violated this ruling—at great cost to our racial sanity, and enormous profit to our reigning religions—had been so promptly and severely punished that no known infringements had occurred for some time. Our recent growth-curve had been satisfactory enough to cause hopes that a bare thirty or forty centuries more would suffice to place us on applicant status with the federation.

Unfortunately, the peoples of this stellar community were many, and varied as greatly in their ethical outlook as their biological composition. Quite a few species lagged a considerable social distance behind the Dendi, as our visitors called themselves. One of these, a race of horrible, worm-like organisms known as the Troxxt—almost as advanced technologically as they were retarded in moral development—had suddenly volunteered for the position

of sole and absolute ruler of the galaxy. They had seized control of several key suns, with their attendant planetary systems, and, after a calculated decimation of the races thus captured, had announced their intention of punishing with a merciless extinction all species unable to appreciate from these object-lessons the value of unconditional surrender.

In despair, the galactic federation had turned to the Dendi, one of the oldest, most selfless, and yet most powerful of races in civilized space, and commissioned them—as the military arm of the federation—to hunt down the Troxxt, defeat them wherever they had gained illegal suzerainty, and destroy forever their power to wage war.

This order had come almost too late. Everywhere the Troxxt had gained so much the advantage of attack, that the Dendi were able to contain them only by enormous sacrifice. For centuries now, the conflict had careened across our vast island universe. In the course of it, densely populated planets had been disintegrated; suns had been blasted into novae; and whole groups of stars ground into swirling cosmic dust.

A temporary stalemate had been reached a short while ago, and reeling and breathless—both sides were using the lull to strengthen weak spots in their perimeter.

Thus, the Troxxt had finally moved into the till-then peaceful section of space that contained our solar system—among others. They were thoroughly uninterested in our tiny planet with its meager resources; nor did they care much for such celestial neighbors as Mars or Jupiter. They established their headquarters on a planet of Proxima Centaurus—the star nearest our own sun—and proceeded to consolidate their offensive-defensive network between Rigel and Aldebaran. At this point in their explanation, the Dendi pointed out, the exigencies of interstellar strategy tended to become too complicated for anything but three-dimensional maps; let us here accept the simple statement, they suggested, that it became immediately vital for them to strike rapidly, and make the Troxxt position on Proxima Centaurus untenable—to establish a base inside their lines of communication.

The most likely spot for such a base was Earth.

The Dendi apologized profusely for intruding on our development, an intrusion which might cost us dear in our delicate developmental state. But, as they explained—in impeccable pre-Bengali—before their arrival we had, in effect, become (all unknowingly) a satrapy of the awful Troxxt. We could now consider ourselves liberated.

We thanked them much for that.

Besides, their leader pointed out proudly, the Dendi were engaged in a war for the sake of civilization itself, against an enemy so horrible, so obscene in its nature, and so utterly filthy in its practices, that it was unworthy of the label of intelligent life. They were fighting, not only for themselves, but for every loyal member of the galactic federation; for every small and helpless species; for every obscure race too weak to defend itself against a ravaging conqueror. Would humanity stand aloof from such a conflict?

There was just a slight bit of hesitation as the information was digested. Then—"No!" humanity roared back through such mass-communication media as television,

newspapers, reverberating jungle drums, and mule-mounted backwoods messenger. *"We will not stand aloof! We will help you destroy this menace to the very fabric of civilization! Just tell us what you want us to do!"*

Well, nothing in particular, the aliens replied with some embarrassment. Possibly in a little while there might be something—several little things, in fact—which could be quite useful; but, for the moment, if we would concentrate on not getting in their way when they serviced their gun-mounts, they would be very grateful, really. . . .

This reply tended to create a large amount of uncertainty among the two billion of Earth's human population. For several days afterward, there was a planet-wide tendency—the legend has come down to us—of people failing to meet each other's eyes.

But then Man rallied from this substantial blow to his pride. He would be useful, be it ever so humbly, to the race which had liberated him from potential subjugation by the ineffably ugly Troxth. For this, let us remember well our ancestors! Let us hymn their sincere efforts amid their ignorance!

All standing armies, all air and sea fleets, were reorganized into guard-patrols around the Dendi weapons; no human might approach within two miles of the murmuring machinery, without a pass countersigned by the Dendi. Since they were never known to sign such a pass during the entire period of their stay on this planet, however, this loophole-provision was never exercised as far as is known; and the immediate neighborhood of the extra-terrestrial weapons became and remained henceforth wholesomely free of two-legged creatures.

Cooperation with our liberators took precedence over all other human activities. The order of the day was a slogan first given voice by a Harvard professor of government in a querulous radio round table on "Man's Place in a Somewhat Over-Civilized Universe."

"Let us forget our individual egos and collective conceits," the professor cried at one point. "Let us subordinate everything—to the end that the freedom of the solar system in general, and Earth in particular, must and shall be preserved!"

Despite its mouth-filling qualities, this slogan was repeated everywhere. Still, it was difficult sometimes to know exactly what the Dendi wanted—partly because of the limited number of interpreters available to the heads of the various sovereign states, and partly because of their leader's tendency to vanish into his ship after ambiguous and equivocal statements—such as the curt admonition to "Evacuate Washington!"

On that occasion, both the Secretary of State and the American President perspired fearfully through five hours of a July day in all the silk-hatted, stiff-collared, dark-suited diplomatic regalia that the barbaric past demanded of political leaders who would deal with the representatives of another people. They waited and wilted beneath the enormous ship—which no human had ever been invited to enter, despite the wistful hints constantly thrown out by university professors and aeronautical designers—they waited patiently and wetly for the Dendi leader to emerge and let them know whether he had meant the State of Washington or Washington, D. C.

The tale comes down to us at this point as a tale of glory. The capitol building taken apart in a few days, and set up almost intact in the foothills of the Rocky Mountains; the missing Archives, that were later to turn up in the Children's Room of a Public Library in Duluth, Iowa; the bottles of Potomac River water carefully borne westward and ceremoniously poured into the circular concrete ditch built around the President's mansion (from which unfortunately it was to evaporate within a week because of the relatively low humidity of the region)—all these are proud moments in the galactic history of our species, from which not even the later knowledge that the Dendi wished to build no gun site on the spot, nor even an ammunition dump, but merely a recreation hall for their troops, could remove any of the grandeur of our determined cooperation and most willing sacrifice.

There is no denying, however, that the ego of our race was greatly damaged by the discovery, in the course of a routine journalistic interview, that the aliens totaled no more powerful a group than a squad; and that their leader, instead of the great scientist and key military strategist that we might justifiably have expected the Galactic Federation to furnish for the protection of Terra, ranked as the interstellar equivalent of a buck sergeant.

That the President of the United States, the Commander-in-Chief of the Army and the Navy, had waited in such obeisant fashion upon a mere noncommissioned officer was hard for us to swallow; but that the impending Battle of Earth was to have a historical dignity only slightly higher than that of a patrol action was impossibly humiliating.

And then there was the matter of "lendi."

The aliens, while installing or servicing their planet-wide weapon system, would occasionally fling aside an evidently unusable fragment of the talking metal. Separated from the machine of which it had been a component, the substance seemed to lose all those qualities which were deleterious to mankind and retain several which were quite useful indeed. For example, if a portion of the strange material was attached to any terrestrial metal—and insulated carefully from contact with other substances—it would, in a few hours, itself become exactly the metal that it touched, whether that happened to be zinc, gold, or pure uranium.

This stuff—"lendi," men have heard the aliens call it—was shortly in frantic demand in an economy ruptured by constant and unexpected emptyings of its most important industrial centers.

Everywhere the aliens went, to and from their weapon sites, hordes of ragged humans stood chanting—well outside the two-mile limit—"Any lendi, Dendi?" All attempts by law-enforcement agencies of the planet to put a stop to this shameless, wholesale begging were useless—especially since the Dendi themselves seemed to get some unexplainable pleasure out of scattering tiny pieces of lendi to the scabbling multitude. When policemen and soldiery began to join the trampling, murderous dash to the corner of the meadows wherein had fallen the highly versatile and garrulous metal, governments gave up.

Mankind almost began to hope for the attack to come,

continued on page 57

Lissen ev'ybody! Honey Lou was my sissa, right? And we all seen Si Mednick messing aroun' with her yesserday evening, right? Nah we all know he stay by hisself an he doan talk to no-one.—He queer, right? But that ain' all! You think about it... you know what he REPPAZENT!



The issya in quesson much bigger then it 'pears to be. Actually, he reppazent the Indian issya—which actually stand for the Mexican issya—And you know what issya they reppazent!



YOUU know whut I ne talkin' 'bout. YOUU know the point of this story. YOUUUUUU know...

Now we thully confused!

I think she taikin' 'bout the 'high-priced spread! Why'n Les ge she kee a lil her big action. It late!



Night falls on Rottenville as it has for a century. Only tonight the lights stay lit... the racket of the juke box and pin-ball machine is undiminished and an electric tension grips the town. It's nothing you can touch or point out... You just feel the difference. And somehow you know—tonight Rottenville isn't the same.



Cock-a dewdle dew?

Pull over, bwah.

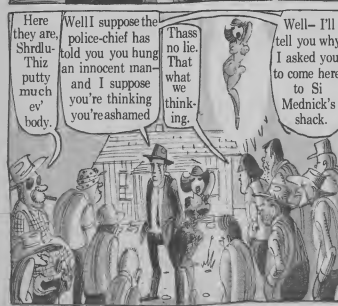
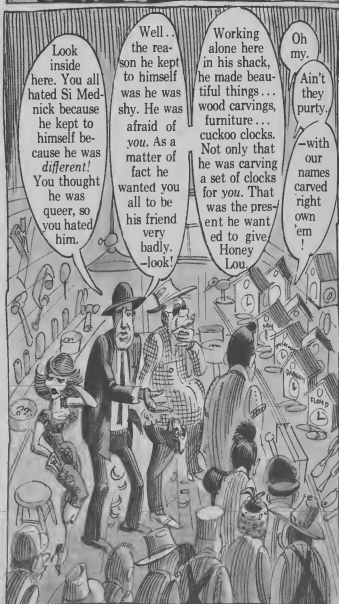
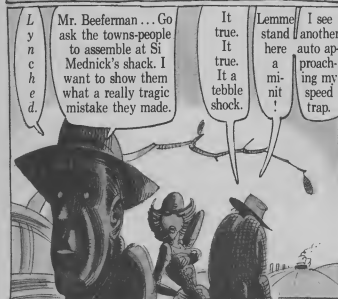
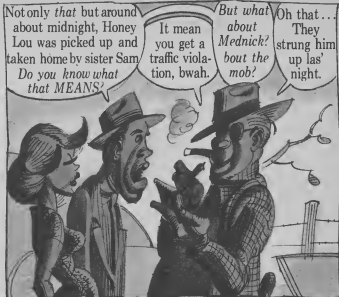
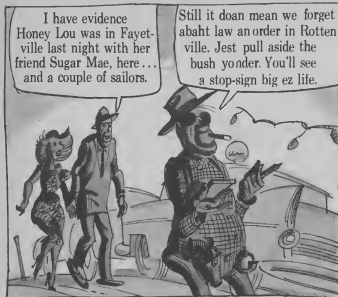
Chief Beeferman! AM I GLAD TO SEE YOU!

AAAAWWWWWW



I've been racing through the night to find you. I've just been to Fayetteville and I've dug up some facts you'll want to know.

I sure do want to know facts. First fact... din' you see that stop-sign 'hind the bush?



Now Sugar Mae, here, testifies that sister Sam picked up Mary Lou in Fayetteville at midnight. Well... since Sam hid this fact, and since Honey Lou was killed by a knock on the head from a powerful fist... with a little intelligence and logic—anybody can put one and one together and figure out who the killer was.



Sugar Mae?

No! It was sister Sam
It true! It true! I didn't mean to do it—but I loved my sisser, little Honey Lou! It cut me deep to see the way she run aroun' all hours... so I tried to pound some sense into her cause I just didn't want to see her get hurt by meyn. I jus' couldn't stand to see her hurt so I killed her.



I hope you all realize what this means. Not only did you make a terrible mistake... but worse than that... you ignored the most fundamental rules of justice. I hope that you realize, by this tragedy, what law and order means.

We do. Oh we do!



It means we shoulda lynched Sam instead!

SOME-ONE GIT A ROPE!

HOT dawg! an-other lynching!

S H E E Y !

Well Chief... I'm leaving Rottenville. I hope you'll be able to face the publicity and the inquiry that will follow, and I trust this has all been a dramatic lesson on tolerance.

It has sure nough. Now git goin' you dayum yankee reporter 'fore I punch you in the head.

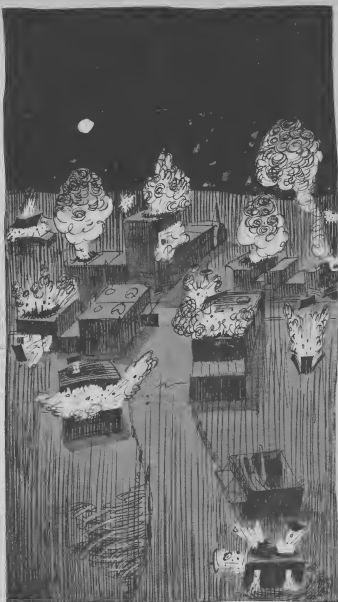
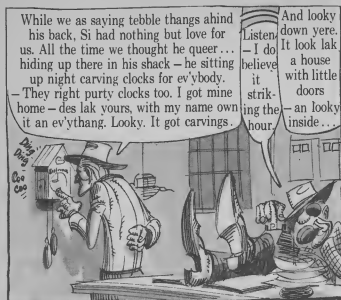


Meddling outsiders. Why don't they tend their own backyard.

Wayll you got to admit, what happened makes a body think.

Makes you want to be more tolable to other living creatures.





And so—night falls in Rottenville. A steam-engine wails far away in the dark. A dog barks, and clocks blow up. Hot degenerate night shrouds the town and the countryside and

THE END

LIBERATION OF EARTH *continued from pg. 52*

so that it would be relieved of the festering consideration of its own patent inferiorities. A few of the more fanatically conservative among our ancestors probably even began to regret liberation.

They did, children; they did! Let us hope that these would-be troglodytes were among the very first to be dissolved and melted down by the red flame-balls. One cannot, after all, turn one's back on progress!

Two days before the month of September was over, the aliens announced that they had detected activity upon one of the moons of Saturn. The Troxxt were evidently threading their treacherous way inward through the solar system. Considering their vicious and deceitful propensities, the Dendi warned, an attack from these worm-like monstrosities might be expected at any moment.

Few humans went to sleep as the night rolled up to and past the meridian on which they dwelt. Almost all eyes were lifted to a sky carefully denuded of clouds by watchful Dendi. There was a brisk trade in cheap telescopes and bits of smoked glass in some sections of the planet; while other portions experienced a substantial boom in spells and charms of the all-inclusive, or omnibus, variety.

The Troxxt attacked in three cylindrical black ships simultaneously; one in the Southern Hemisphere, and two in the Northern. Great gouts of green flame roared out of their tiny craft; and everything touched by this imploded into a translucent, glass-like sand. No Dendi was hurt by these, however, and from each of the now-writhing gun mounts there bubbled forth a series of scarlet clouds which pursued the Troxxt hungrily, until forced by a dwindling velocity to fall back upon Earth.

Here they had an unhappy after-effect. Any populated area into which these pale pink cloudlets chanced to fall was rapidly transformed into a cemetery—a cemetery, if the truth be told as it has been handed down to us, that had more the odor of the kitchen than the grave. The inhabitants of these unfortunate localities were subjected to enormous increases of temperature. Their skin reddened, then blackened; their hair and nails shriveled; their very flesh turned into liquid and boiled off their bones. Altogether a disagreeable way for one-tenth of the human race to die.

The only consolation was the capture of a black cylinder by one of the red clouds. When, as a result of this, it had turned white-hot and poured its substance down in the form of a metallic rainstorm, the two ships assailing the Northern Hemisphere abruptly retreated to the asteroids into which the Dendi—because of severely limited numbers—steadfastly refused to pursue them.

In the next twenty-four hours the aliens—*resident* aliens, let us say—held conferences, made repairs to their weapons and commiserated with us. Humanity buried its dead. This last was a custom of our forefathers that was most worthy of note; and one that has not, of course, survived into modern times.

By the time the Troxxt returned, Man was ready for them. He could not, unfortunately, stand to arms as he most ardently desired to do; but he could and did stand to optical instrument and conjurer's oration.

Once more the little red clouds burst joyfully into the upper reaches of the stratosphere; once more the green flames wailed, and tore at the chattering spires of lendi; once more men died by the thousands in the boiling backwash of war. But this time, there was a slight difference: the green flames of the Troxxt abruptly changed color after the engagement had lasted three hours; they became darker, more bluish. And, as they did so, Dendi after Dendi collapsed at his station and died in convulsions.

The call for retreat was evidently sounded. The survivors fought their way to the tremendous ship in which they had come. With an explosion from her stern jets that blasted a red-hot furrow southward through France, and kicked Marseilles into the Mediterranean, the ship roared into space and fled home ignominiously.

Humanity steelled itself for the coming ordeal of horror under the Troxxt.

They were truly worm-like in form. As soon as the two night-black cylinders had landed, they strode from their ships, their tiny segmented bodies held off the ground by a complex harness supported by long and slender metal crutches. They erected a dome-like fort around each ship—one in Australia and one in the Ukraine—captured the few courageous individuals who had ventured close to their landing sites, and disappeared back into the dark craft with their squirming prizes.

While some men drilled about nervously in the ancient military patterns, others pored anxiously over scientific texts and records pertaining to the visit of the Dendi—in the desperate hope of finding a way of preserving terrestrial independence against this ravaging conqueror of the star-spattered galaxy.

And yet all this time, the human captives inside the artificially darkened space-ships (the Troxxt, having no eyes, not only had little use for light but the more sedentary individuals among them actually found such radiation disagreeable to their sensitive, unpigmented skins) were not being tortured for information—nor vivisectioned in the earnest quest of knowledge on a slightly higher level—but educated.

Educated in the Troxxt language, that is.

True it was that a large number found themselves utterly inadequate for the task which the Troxxt had set them, and temporarily became servants to the more successful students. And another, albeit smaller, group developed various forms of frustration hysteria—ranging from mild unhappiness to complete catatonic depression—over the difficulties presented by a language whose every verb was irregular, and whose myriads of prepositions were formed by noun-adjective combinations derived from the subject of the previous sentence. But, eventually, eleven human beings were released, to blink madly in the sunlight as certified interpreters of Troxxt.

These liberators, it seemed, had never visited Bengal in the heyday of its millennia-past civilization.

Yes, these liberators. For the Troxxt had landed on the sixth day of the ancient, almost mythical month of October. And October the Sixth is, of course, the Holy Day of the Second Liberation. Let us remember, let us reverse. (If only we could figure out which day it is on our calendar!)

The tale the interpreters told caused men to hang their heads in shame and gnash their teeth at the deception they had allowed the Dendi to practice upon them.

True, the Dendi had been commissioned by the Galactic Federation to hunt the Troxxt down and destroy them. This was largely because the Dendi *were* the Galactic Federation. One of the first intelligent arrivals on the interstellar scene, the huge creatures had organized a vast police force to protect them and their power against any contingency of revolt that might arise in the future. This police force was ostensibly a congress of all thinking life forms throughout the galaxy; actually, it was an efficient means of keeping them under rigid control.

Most species thus far discovered were docile and tractable, however; the Dendi had been ruling from time immemorial, said they—very well, then, let the Dendi continue to rule. Did it make that much difference?

But, throughout the centuries, opposition to the Dendi grew—and the nuclei of the opposition were the protoplasm-based creatures. What, in fact, had come to be known as the Protoplasmic League.

Though small in number, the creatures whose life cycles were derived from the chemical and physical properties of protoplasm varied greatly in size, structure, and specialization. A galactic community deriving the main wells of its power from them would be a dynamic instead of a static place, where extra-galactic travel would be encouraged, instead of being inhibited, as it was at present because of Dendi fears of meeting a superior civilization. It would be a true democracy of species—a real biological

republic—where all creatures of adequate intelligence and cultural development would enjoy a control of their destinies at present experienced by the Dendi alone.

To this end, the Troxxt—the only important race which had steadfastly refused the complete surrender of armaments demanded of all members of the Federation—had been implored by a minor member of the Protoplasmic League to rescue it from the devastation which the Dendi intended to visit upon it, as punishment for an unlawful exploratory excursion outside the boundaries of the galaxy.

Faced with the determination of the Troxxt to defend their cousins in organic chemistry, and the suddenly aroused hostility of at least two-thirds of the interstellar peoples, the Dendi had summoned a rump meeting of the Galactic Council; declared a state of revolt in being; and proceeded to cement their disintegrating rule with the blasted life-forces of a hundred worlds. The Troxxt, hopelessly outnumbered and out-equipped, had been able to continue the struggle only because of the great ingenuity and selflessness of other members of the Protoplasmic League, who had risked extinction to supply them with newly developed secret weapons.

Hadn't we guessed the nature of the beast from the enormous precautions it had taken to prevent the exposure of any part of its body to the intensely corrosive atmosphere of Earth? Surely the seamless, barely translucent suits which our recent visitors had worn for every moment of their stay on our world should have made us



suspect a body chemistry developed from complex silicon compounds rather than those of carbon?

Humanity hung its collective head and admitted that the suspicion had never occurred to it.

Well, the Troxxt admitted generously, we were extremely inexperienced and possibly a little too trusting. Put it down to that. Our naiveté, however costly to them—our liberators—would not be allowed to deprive us of that complete citizenship which the Troxxt were claiming as the birthrights of all.

But as for our leaders, our probably corrupted, certainly irresponsible leaders . . .

The first executions of U.N. officials, heads of states, and pre-Bengali interpreters as "Traitors to Protoplasm"—after some of the lengthiest and most nearly-perfectly-fair trials in the history of Earth—were held a week after G-J Day, the inspiring occasion on which—amidst gorgeous ceremonies—Humanity was invited to join, first the Protoplasmic League and thence the New and Democratic Galactic Federation of All Species, All Races.

Nor was that all. Whereas the Dendi had contemptuously shoved us to one side as they went about their business of making our planet safe for tyranny, and had—in all probability—built special devices which made the very touch of their weapons fatal for us, the Troxxt—with the sincere friendliness which had made their name a byword for democracy and decency wherever living creatures came lovingly together among the stars—our Second Liberators, as we lovingly called them, actually *preferred* to have us help them with the intensive, accelerating labor of

planetary defense.

So men's intestines dissolved under the invisible glare of the forces used to assemble the new, incredibly complex weapons; men sickened and died, in scabbling hordes, inside the mines which the Troxxt had made deeper than any we had dug hitherto; men's bodies broke open and exploded in the undersea oil-drilling sites which the Troxxt had declared were essential.

Children's schooldays were requested, too, in such collecting drives as "Platinum Scrap for Procyon" and "Radio-active Debris for Deneb." Housewives also were implored to save on salt whenever possible—this substance being useful to the Troxxt in literally dozens of incomprehensible ways—and colorful posters reminded: "*Don't salinate—sugarfy!*"

And over all—courteously caring for us like an intelligent parent—were our mentors, taking their giant supervisory strides on metallic crutches, while their pale little bodies lay curled in the hammocks that swung from each paired length of shining leg.

Truly, even in the midst of a complete economic paralysis caused by the concentration of all major productive facilities on other-worldly armaments, and despite the anguished cries of those suffering from peculiar industrial injuries which our medical men were totally unequipped to handle, in the midst of all this mind-wracking disorganization, it was yet very exhilarating to realize that we had taken our lawful place in the future government of the galaxy and were even now helping to make the Universe Safe for Democracy.



But the Dendi returned to smash this idyll. They came in their huge, silvery space-ships and the Troxxt, barely warned in time, just managed to rally under the blow and fight back in kind. Even so, the Troxxt ship in the Ukraine was almost immediately forced to flee to its base in the depths of space. After three days, the only Troxxt on Earth were devoted members of a little band guarding the ship in Australia. They proved, in three or more months, to be as difficult to remove from the face of our planet as the continent itself; and since there was now a state of close and hostile siege, with the Dendi on one side of the globe, and the Troxxt on the other, the battle assumed frightful proportions.

Seas boiled; whole steppes burned away; the climate itself shifted and changed under the gruelling pressure of the cataclysm. By the time the Dendi solved the problem, the planet Venus had been blasted from the skies in the course of a complicated battle maneuver, and Earth had wobbled over as orbital substitute.

The solution was simple: since the Troxxt were too firmly based on the small continent to be driven away, the numerically superior Dendi brought up enough firepower to disintegrate all Australia into an ash that mud-died the Pacific. This occurred on the twenty-fourth of June, the Holy Day of First Reliberation. A day of reckoning for what remained of the human race, however.

How could we have been so naive, the Dendi wanted to know, as to be taken in by the chauvinistic pro-protoplasm propaganda? Surely, if physical characteristics were to be the criteria of our racial empathy, we would not orient ourselves on a narrow chemical basis! The Dendi life-plasma was based on silicon instead of carbon, true, but did not vertebrates—appendaged vertebrates, at that, such as we and the Dendi—have infinitely more in common, in spite of a *minor* biochemical difference or two, than vertebrates and legless, armless, slime-crawling creatures who happened, quite accidentally, to possess an identical organic substance?

As for this fantastic picture of life in the galaxy... *Well!* The Dendi shrugged their quintuple shoulders as they went about the intricate business of erecting their noisy weapons all over the rubble of our planet. Had we ever seen a representative of these protoplasmic races the Troxxt were supposedly protecting? No, nor would we. For as soon as a race—animal, vegetable or mineral—developed enough to constitute even a *potential* danger to the sinuous aggressors, its civilization was systematically dismantled by the watchful Troxxt. We were in so primitive a state that they had not considered it at all risky to allow us the outward seeming of full participation.

Could we say we had learned a single useful piece of information about Troxxt technology—for all of the work we had done on their machines, for all of the lives we had lost in the process? No, of course not! We had merely contributed our mite to the enslavement of far-off races who had done us no harm.

There was much that we had cause to feel guilty about, the Dendi told us gravely—once the few surviving interpreters of the pre-Bengali dialect had crawled out of hiding. But our collective onus was as nothing compared to that borne by “vermicular collaborationists”—those

traitors who had supplanted our martyred former leaders. And then there were the unspeakable human interpreters who had had linguistic traffic with creatures destroying a two-million-year-old galactic peace! Why, killing was almost too good for them, the Dendi murmured as they killed them.

When the Troxxt ripped their way back into possession of Earth some eighteen months later, bringing us the sweet fruits of the Second Reliberation—as well as a complete and most convincing rebuttal of the Dendi—there were few humans found who were willing to accept with any real enthusiasm the responsibilities of newly opened and highly paid positions in language, science, and government.

Of course, since the Troxxt, in order to reliberate Earth, had found it necessary to blast a tremendous chunk out of the northern hemisphere, there were very few humans to be found in the first place...

Even so, many of these committed suicide rather than assume the title of Secretary General of the United Nations when the Dendi came back for the glorious Re-Reliberation, a short time after that. This was the liberation, by the way, which swept the deep collar of matter off our planet, and gave it what our forefathers came to call a pear-shaped look.

Possibly it was at this time—possibly a liberation or so later—that the Troxxt and the Dendi discovered the Earth had become far too eccentric in its orbit to possess the minimum safety conditions demanded of a Combat Zone. The battle, therefore, zig-zagged coruscantly and murderously away in the direction of Aldebaran.


That was nine generations ago, but the tale that has been handed down from parent to child, to child's child, has lost little in the telling. You hear it now from me almost exactly as I heard it. From my father I heard it as I ran with him from water puddle to distant water puddle, across the searing heat of yellow sand. From my mother I heard it as we sucked air and frantically grabbed at clusters of thick green weed, whenever the planet beneath us quivered in omen of a geological spasm that might bury us in its burned-out body, or a cosmic gyration threatened to fling us into empty space.

Yes, even as we do now did we do then, telling the same tale, running the same frantic race across miles of unendurable heat for food and water; fighting the same savage battles with the giant rabbits for each other's carion—and always, ever and always, sucking desperately at the precious air, which leaves our world in greater quantities with every mad twist of its orbit.

Naked, hungry, and thirsty came we into the world, and naked, hungry, and thirsty do we scamper our lives out upon it, under the huge and never-changing sun.

The same tale it is, and the same traditional ending it has as that I had from my father and his father before him. Suck air, grab clusters, and hear the last holy observation of our history:

“Looking about us, we can say with pardonable pride that we have been about as thoroughly liberated as it is possible for a race and a planet to be!” **END**



Now ye *know*
that's somethin' a
Scotsman *never*
tells!

THE BRIDAL PATH WITH BILL 'GEORDIE' TRAVERS

B P 1

RECORD ALBUMS

YOU'RE NOT LIKELY TO FIND IN THE SUPERMARKET



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Stan Freberg fans will find all the Freberg classics here . . . St. George and the Dragonet, C'est Si Bon, Try, Heartbreak Hotel, Rock around Stephen Foster, Yellow Rose of Texas, John and Marsha, The Great Pretender, Rock Island Line, Sh-Boom," and many others.



2. THE WONDERFUL WORLD OF JONATHAN WINTERS
Some of this great man's funniest acts and sound effects are here: The Flying Saucer Lands, A Western, A Football Game, Airline Pilots, Used Pet Shop, Hip Robin Haad, Super Service Station and Marine Corps.



3. BEAT GENERATION JAZZ POETRY
Music and Folk Lyrics by John Brent, Len Chandler and Hugh Ramney at the Greenwich Village Gaslight Cafe. These banafide young beatniks recite Applesauce and Peanut Butter, A Poem far Lamant Cranston, Nathan's Gaat, and other cool poems



4. PAT HARRINGTON JR. AS GUIDO PANZINI
With Bill Dana, these two well-known Steve Allen Show personalities ad lib a record about which Steve says, "routines of this type are part of the rehearsal routine around our show . . . this package will be recognized as the funniest of the year."



8. SMASH FLOPS—ILL-TIMED SONGS
Just read some of these titles at this collection of 12 ballads. "Congratulations Tom Dewey"—"I Wish I Was in Chicago (On St. Valentine's Day)"—"We're Depending On You, General Custer"—"There'll Always Be 48 States in the U.S.A."



9. LENNY BRUCE TOGETHERNESS
He's pure sickness. Here is what the critics say about comic Lenny Bruce: "Lenny shouldn't be allowed in a neighborhood crap game, much less a night club." — Las Angeles Mirror. "Lenny Bruce is just a fad, a one-time-around freak attraction." —Hy Gardner.



10. LENNY BRUCE'S INTERVIEWS OF OUR TIMES
In addition to same mare incomparable Lenny Bruce sickness, this album has the Sharty Petteinstein Interview—a classic of a kind where a jazz musician give a highly inarticulate analysis of like the jazz scene.



11. THE BUTTON DOWN MIND OF BOB NEWHART
Called "the best new comedian of the decade" by Playboy magazine, this exciting new comic has included in his album: Abe Lincoln vs. Madison Avenue — Merchandising the Wright routines.

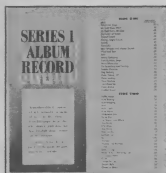
If you think you are way out (in, that is) and you don't own any of the 33 $\frac{1}{3}$ RPM records listed here—don't worry, you are NOT! Way out, that is. (You're just plain out.) Here are some of the funniest people of the new generation and some of the strangest off-beat recordings. If you would like to own anything here, (and if you are hip, you should like to—) fill out this coupon with the proper amount of bread attached and mail it right away.

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Please send me the records I have checked below, for which I am enclosing \$..... plus 20¢ per record to cover cost of mailing.



5. MIKE NICHOLS AND ELAINE MAY
A collection of words and music completely improvised at the recording session. The pionist played music that suggested different moods and Nichols and May would spontaneously create a scene to fit each mood.



6. SOUND EFFECTS ALBUM, SERIES #1
If you like to play around with a tape recorder, here is a collection of 48 different sound effects ranging from a plone taking off to cannon-fire, which you can just listen to or splice into your home recordings.



7. OUTSIDE SHELLEY BERMAN
The "method" comedian who describes his record as follows: "On this recording you will hear the audience—their od libs to me, mine to them, the over-enthusiastic lody who is delighted with the initials "I.Q.", the strong loughs and the not so strong and the dull thuds."



12. DEL CLOSE—PSYCHOANALYSIS KIT
Dr. Siegfried Gestalt will analyze you. Side one will resolve your problems, opening a door to richer, fuller life. Simply place this record on a phonograph. Lie on a couch, turn on the phonograph, and respond honestly to it. "Amazing results!"



13. JACK KEROUAC, STEVE ALLEN
Poetry for the Beat Generation. Kerouac says: "I went to the studio to meet Steve. I said "What'll I read?" He said, "Anything you want." We finished in an hour. The engineers said, "A great first take." I said "It's the only take." Steve said, "That's right." We went home.



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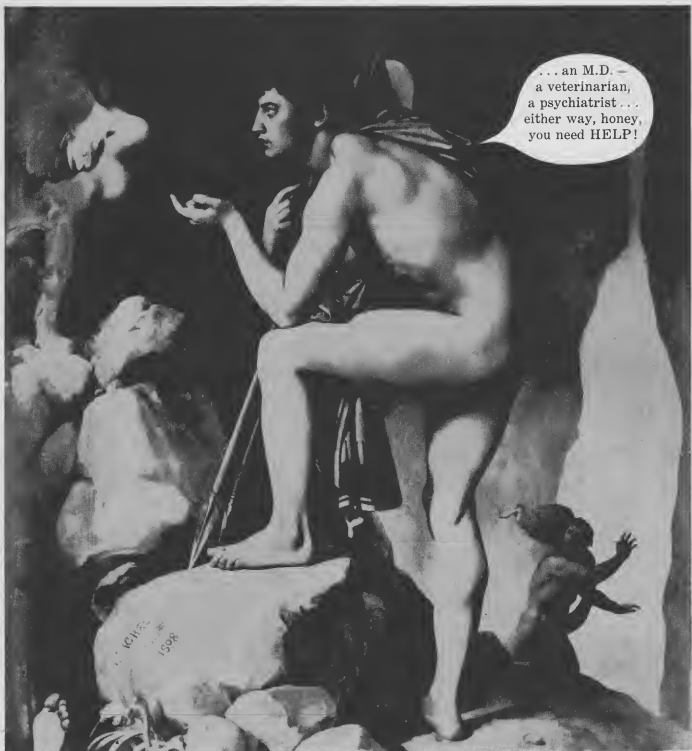
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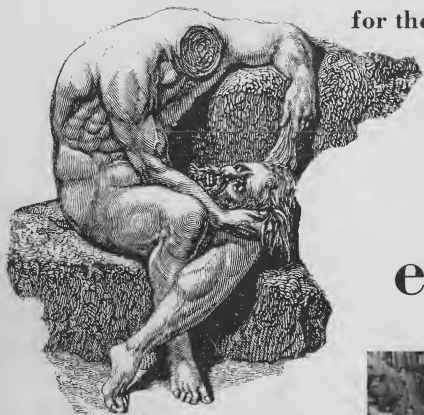
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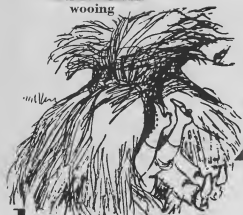


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